

1843.

1883.



O D E ,

Forty Years Ago,

By HENRY D. <sup>unearth</sup> TYLER.  
"

LIMINGTON, MAINE.

July 4th, 1883.



—♦—♦— O D E —♦—♦—

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T35

We celebrate great Freedom's cause  
How Right fought Might so brave,  
How Lincoln bound us to God's laws  
When he unlinked the slave.  
Our starry Flag of rainbow hue  
Now floats o'er all the land,  
No civil strife but brothers true,  
Peace gloves war's iron hand.  
No civil strife but brothers true,  
Peace gloves war's iron hand.

But hark! old rusty \*Byington  
Bids welcome loud and clear,  
The grand old hills of Limington  
Send echoes far and near.  
The old church bell rings merrily,  
The school bells swell the chime,  
Friends meet and greet right heartily,  
As in the olden time.  
Friends meet and greet right heartily,  
As in the olden time.

The lilies by the meadow brooks  
Say to the grasses green,  
"How happy now the village looks  
'Tis like a fairy scene."  
Yon pines are sighing to the oaks,  
"Whence comes this din of noise?  
The robin in the orchard chirps  
"Heigh-ho those girls and boys.  
The same glad girls and boys I trow  
Here forty years ago."

\* An old Revolutionary gun.

Yes all of us are back in town,  
Just for a day or so,  
Fond Mothers say "our babes have grown  
Since forty years ago;"  
Let's banish Age with magic wand,  
Youth's halcyon days renew:  
Let's merry make and grasp the hand  
Of forty years ago.  
Let's merry make and grasp the hand  
Of forty years ago.

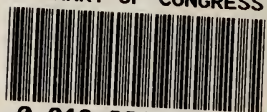
Some cradled by our Mother Earth  
Beneath the village hill,  
Share not this day our feast of mirth  
Nor quaff the cup we fill;  
Fond memory gem the tears we weep  
Like diamonds make them glow,  
Awake O Death (thou twin of Sleep)  
Our friends of long ago.  
Awake O Death (thou twin of Sleep)  
Our friends of long ago.

The feast is o'er, the wingéd day  
Flies swiftly into night,  
The morn will find us far away;  
The village lost to sight:  
Yet still with thee our hearts remain,  
Hearts tender, loving, true,  
While angels whisper "ne'er again  
As forty years ago."  
While angels whisper "ne'er again  
As forty years ago."

HENRY D. TYLER.

LIMINGTON, MAINE, JULY 4TH, 1883.

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